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THE MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL

65p

NO9
FEB.
1984

featuring
**BEGINNING
THIS ISSUE:
CLOAK
and
DAGGER**

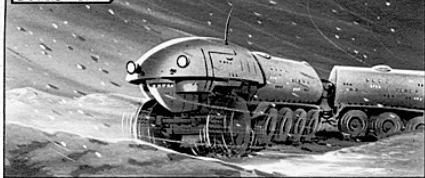


**CAPTAIN BRITAIN:
MAD WAR**

**NIGHT RAVEN:
THE HAUNTING**



IN THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE,
IN THE BRIGHT NEW AGE OF
BIG MACHINES...



... PEOPLE WILL STILL
HAVE PROBLEMS.

SHE'S
SEIZING
UP!!

HRRRRANK!

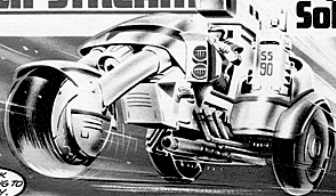
SHE CAN'T BE! WE'RE HUNDREDS
OF KILOMETRES AWAY FROM
ANYWHERE! IF SHE SEIZES
UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A
BLIZZARD LIKE THIS,
THOSE PASSENGERS
BACK THERE...



UH,
RON...

... I THINK
WE'RE GOING TO
BE OKAY.

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LET'S
MAKE IT
QUICK AND
QUICK!



FIRING
55 90

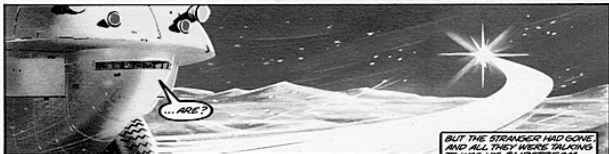


FIRING
55 80



THAT'S INCREDIBLE! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THAT STRANGER
HE SPRAYED ON THE WHEELS,
BUT THEY'RE TURNING
AGAIN. WE'RE SAVED!

HEY, THANKS A LOT,
HISTER. WHOEVER
YOU...



... ARE?

BUT THE STRANGER HAD GONE,
AND ALL THEY WERE TALKING
TO WAS HIS SLIPSTREAM...

CONTENTS

Editor Tim Hampson

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Design Floron Florenzo

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Production Assistant Jeannette Sweetland

WHAT ARE comics? This was a question posed by the Society of Strip Illustrators at their recent provocative and exciting seminar, at Kingston Polytechnic.

It is a question which is perhaps best left unanswered, for there are no rules about the way a comic should be put together. The moment one says 'this is the way it should be done', one has manufactured one's own straitjacket. Comics are about visual story-telling, creativity and the exercise of self-expression.

In this issue of **MWOM**, we present some supreme examples of comic creativity: Cloak and Dagger begin their tale of fear and loathing on the streets of New York, Captain Britain encounters further chaos and lunacy in London, while two relative newcomers to the comic scene, Mark Farmer and Mike Collins are featured in our Showcase pages. They're two comic creators who are definitely putting their best feet forward.



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PSALMS 139:14

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JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

GLYNIS WEIN
COLORS

TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
CHIEF





YEAH, SAVE US, FATHER!

WE NEED SAVING, BAD!

ME, TOO! SAVE ME!

Burke

AN' SAVE ME SOME WHEN YOU'RE DONE, HOLY MAN!

WHY DON'TCHA SAVE YER BREATH, FATHER? THE FILTH AROUND HERE AIN'T WORTH YER TROUBLE!

THEY ARE ALL GOD'S CHILDREN, OFFICER...

...BUT I FEAR I AM LOSING THEM.

THE HOLY GHOST CHURCH, ON 42ND STREET IS THE SEAT OF THIS PRIEST'S MINISTRY. IN ITS SOMBER SHADOWS, HE KNEELS IN PRAYER.

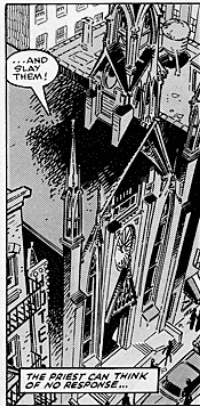
THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH ARE ALL ABOUT ME, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HELP THEM.

GUIDE ME, HOLY FATHER. SHOW ME THE WAY!

BRING YOUR LIGHT INTO MY--







CHAPTER TWO: THE DETECTIVE

I'VE NEVER SEEN SYMPTOMS LIKE THESE BEFORE.

HHM! RAPID PULSES... UNCONTROLLABLE SHIVERING... DILATED PUPILS... AND THEIR SKIN HAS TAKEN ON A STRANGE PALLOR...

WE FOUND 'EM THAT WAY, DOC, IN AN ALLEY BEHIND A PINBALL PARLOR!



WE FIGURED SOMEBODY SOLD 'EM SOME BAD JUNK!



INSTINCTIVELY, DETECTIVE BRIGID O'RIELLY FILES THESE REMARKS—SOME AS "THEORIES!" OTHERS AS "FACTS!"

SHE GIVES EQUAL WEIGHT TO BOTH, BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT THEORIES HAVE OFTEN CRACKED CASES WHEN MOUNTAINS OF FACTS HAD FAILED.

ARE THESE THE JUNKIES YOU CALLED ABOUT?



YES, SIR, CAPTAIN!

I KNOW 'EM! THEY'RE CREEPS—CHICKENHAWKS WHO PREY ON RUNAWAYS GETTING OFF THE BUSES AT THE PORT AUTHORITY!

WHO ICED 'EM?



SOMEONE WHO OBVIOUSLY WANTED TO DO THE DEPARTMENT A FAVOR, O'RIELLY.



LATER...

I'VE GOTTA CHECK THE DEPARTMENT'S
COMPUTER CROSS-REFERENCE FILE
OF CASES THAT SHOW THE SAME M.O.

HHMM, THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF OTHER ATTACKS ON ORGANIZED CRIME FIGURES AND DRUG-RUNNERS...BY A COUPLE OF CRAZED COSTUMED VIGILANTES!

WELL, I DON'T WANT 'EM
STRUTTING THEIR STUFF
IN MY TERRITORY!

SURE, THERE'S A LOT OF
LAWLESSNESS OUT THERE
BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DEALT
WITH BY OFFICERS OF
THE LAW...

... AND NOT BY
PRIVATE CITIZENS
ENGAGED IN EXTRA-
LEGAL ACTIVITIES.

I DON'T CARE
IF SOMEBODY'S
DECLARED ALL-OUT
WAR AGAINST PIMPS,
PORNOGRAPHERS
AND PUSHERS--

--I JUST DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENTS CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE!



DAGGER IS
USING THE
SHOWER. YOU
MAY SET HER
FOOD ON THE
TABLE.

TELL ME,
PRIEST--HAVE
YOU A NAME?

EVERY MAN
HAS A NAME.
CLOAK.



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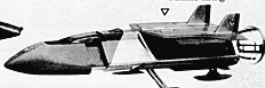
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CAPTAIN BRITAIN

AMONG
THOSE DARK
SATANIC
MILLS

CO-CREATORS
MOORE + DAVIS
LETTERER
CRADDOCK
EDITOR
HAMPSON

...SURELY HE'D HAVE
SAID SOMETHING?
INSTEAD OF JUST
WALKING OUT
ON US...

TOM?

I'M
NOT SURE,
BUT I THINK
THERE'S...

...SOMEONE
COMING...

ELIZABETH,
GET OUT OF
HERE. TAKE
ALISON.

TOM...

THERE'S
THE EXIT AT
THE TOP OF
THE CELLAR
STAIRS...

I SAID
GET OUT OF
HERE! ALL
OF YOU!

I'LL KEEP
THEM BUSY.



"TOM!"



"ELIZAB-"



"TOM!"



FOR GOD'S
SAKE HELP
THEM!

YOU'RE
A SUPER-
WOMAN!

NO!!

LEAVE ME
ALONE!







"I STRETCHED YOUR SANITY TO BREAKING POINT TO PREPARE YOU FOR A UNIVERSE REDUCED TO SLOBBERING IDIOCY."

"I SENT YOU TO A LESSER EARTH THAT FACED A LESSER MENACE THAN HE WHOSE FORTRESS YOU NOW APPROACH..."



"AND YOU WERE DEFEATED."

"AND YOU WERE KILLED."

"AND WHAT OF THIS TIME?"

"HAVE I RAISED YOU UP AGAIN ONLY TO SEE YOU RETURN TO THE DUST FOREVER?"

"NO."



"HIS COUNTERPART COULD AT LEAST BE HALTED, EVEN IF IT MEANT DESTROY HIS ENTIRE CONTINUUM."



"THIS ONE IS NOT SO EASILY CONTAINABLE."



"YOU CANNOT FAIL. THIS VERSION OF JASPERS IS TOO POWERFUL, TOO DANGEROUS..."



"...AND IF HE CANNOT BE DEFEATED, THEN THE OMNIVERSE SHALL FALL INTO CHAOS..."

"...AND A NEW AND HOSTILE GOD SHALL PLAY DICE WITH MATTER."



"YOU FACE IT ALONE..."

"THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT YOU WERE CREATED FOR."







...LOST IN THE
FUNHOUSE!

NEXT >
ANARCHY
IN THE U.K.



Night Raven

Writer: Jamie Delano Illustrations: Alan Davis

The haunting of Don Salvatore Vischetti

It was dark. He was blind. He could sense nothing but the beating wings; flapping and smothering. Then, harder, pounding at the air and battering at his head. And screaming; the screaming filled him with choking fear. He was drowning in a storm of wings. He fought, but he went under.

THE BEDROOM door burst open. Tony Riggio came in fast and low, a pistol out and dangerous. The girl was screaming, eyes wide with terror. Beside her, choking and sweating, thrashing himself out of the panic of sleep, Don Salvatore Vischetti awoke.

The girl stopped screaming; Tony Riggio relaxed and stood up slowly. "I am sorry Don Salvatore, but I heard the screams and thought..." He trailed off in confusion, sheepishly returning the gun to its shoulder holster.

"Never mind what you thought," snarled the man in the bed, "you can get out now." As the bodyguard left the room Vischetti reached out a dry brown hand and with brutish affection, gripped the shivering girl's cheek between thumb and forefinger.

"And you go back to sleep. Next time wake me up, don't dream the place down. It was just a dream... a stupid dream."

Cold

Night time in the city: Don Salvatore Vischetti sat by the window of his penthouse apartment and stared out at the cold, wet, light-streaked blackness of 4,00 am, pre-dawn Chicago. He was an old man now, and hoarded his conscious hours. They no longer seemed limitless. Sleep did not come easily anymore.

The rain fell, the girl slept. Don Salvatore wandered the city of his memory, his body safe and warm in his chair by the window above the harsh streets of his childhood where, sometimes, the wind was so cold it could cut out your soul. Chicago: there had been times during his 70-year association with the city when he had hated the place; others when he had loved it. As a teenager in the Twenties he had learned both those emotions in its back streets and speakeasies. Living on the streets during those early, wild, hurried years of fear and violence — when the strong ate cake and the weak died for crumbs — was hard. Sal Vischetti survived; he was born to it.

They were all strange children then, all in their gangs with guns and bombs, always fighting then. The Irish, the Jews, the Family. So many of those wild, crazy ones who never grew up;

whose old age bled out of them in alleys, in basements, by deserted downtown highways. The clever ones survived, the luckiest, the most ruthless; they conquered their enemies, or made peace with them, and settled down with their feet under America's ample table, to guide and control the growth of their thriving family.

Nowadays he had no feelings about Chicago. It simply worked for him. The city held no fears for him anymore. His lifetime had been spent in building an empire which had made him immune to attack. Sure, he had enemies, but they could not touch him. In the past they had come close; had hunted him. Several times they had sent the cold, silent men who only spoke with guns. But Sal Vischetti knew that there were only two choices; win or lose. He survived, and the hunters slept with the fishes. Now they were afraid to come.

To begin with it was money that drove him — and the raw knowledge that he had to keep standing because there was nothing to fall back to but oblivion — but as he found his feet he tasted the elusive essence of power, and was greedy for it.

Riding on the wings of influence which the prohibition years had given the Mafia, Vischetti quietly, but with ruthless efficiency, moved into the meat packing business. Companies folded and merged, union men were leant on, or killed and replaced; scandals rocked company boardrooms; old premises burned down and new ones, under new management, sprang up; gambling debts were repaid with favours. Money rolled in as fast as the stockwagons arrived from the West. By the start of the war years, Sal Vischetti effectively controlled over fifty per cent of Chicago's total meat business — and America was hungry.

The organisation was pleased; this boy was bright and keen. He was a hawk. The old Dons shuffled around a bit and made room for him. They needed him close where they could watch him. They fed him power, the better to control him. They gave him Chicago. Don Salvatore Vischetti had smiled then. Chicago was already his. Then came the final test, the authorities came after him. The F.B.I. went for him with a bum murder rap. Vischetti laughed

them out of court. The I.R.S. claimed tax evasion of millions of dollars. His lawyers kept them in court for four years; the case was abandoned. They even had him in front of a Grand Jury but he had bought enough powerful friends to ensure that the head of the eagle of justice was turned fixedly away from him.

He came out stronger than he went in. During the next thirty years his empire strengthened and consolidated. He pushed his influence into every sphere; commerce, politics, crime, the media. It seemed like everyone worked for Sal Vischetti. He was untouchable; nothing could reach him. Except a goddam stupid dream; birds for chrissake.

Yearning

Slowly the cold grey fingers of dawn began to stroke some solitude and form into the irregular Chicago skyline. Down in the stockyard pens the beefsteers of Texas smelled snow on the breath of their last day and moaned softly. It was a strange, yearning sound that struck a sympathetic chord within the stiff and frozen soul of Night Raven. The edged wind cut into his unblinking eyes as he stirred to gaze through the slatted side of the stockwagon. He stared across the gently swaying backs of the condemned animals to where the long, low buildings of the slaughterhouses and packing plants were starting to light up; coming to life with harsh metallic slams and raucous shouts.

Night Raven thought of the man he had come to kill. He was out there in the city, waking up, confident and unaware of his coming death. The steers began to move forward into the one-way alleys. The butchers were poised in anticipation. It began: steeped in the sounds of slaughter, the gaunt, ragged man waited for the time to make his first move. Death was all around him. He breathed it in.

In his seat by the high window, Don Salvatore shivered with a sudden chill and looked around. The dawn light had covered the sleeping girl with a pale gauze. She lay like a corpse, in black and white. He felt weird today; that dumb dream had really gotten to him. He was touched briefly by the sadness of old age. He felt dry and brittle; he was remote. He needed reality; something raw. With a slightly puzzled look on his hard, lined face, Vischetti picked up the telephone.



"Tony . . . get the car. I wanna go for a drive."

The long black car wallowed, almost silently, out of the garage onto the empty street. A flurry of pigeons, ~~flushed~~ from their scavenging, wheeled into the ashen sky. From behind the black glass, Don Salvatore's pale grey eyes tracked them upwards.

"Say, it sure is early boss," Tony Riggio's rough voice dragged him back. "I ain't been out this early since they let me outta Sing Sing; an' that was back in 'fifty two."

"Just drive, Tony. Don't talk O.K?" Vischetti's voice was quiet but definite.

"Sure boss . . . where to?"

"Go down to the stockyards . . . to Joey La Rocca's plant. It's been a long time . . . yeah . . . I will talk with Joey."

From his wagon Night Raven saw the Cadillac swing into the yard; saw the immaculately dressed old man step from the back and enter the building. His heart soared. He was exulted. He moved alone; he was a force. This was his game. He would carve a hole into the black heart of their organisation with this man's death. They would relearn fear. He stretched out, flexing his twisted body, and dropped over the side of the wagon. He landed crouching and moved

quickly, coat flapping, towards the bedlam of the slaughterhouse.

Joseph La Rocca was a terrible man who had done terrible things. He stood, two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle and fat, encased in blood-drenched overalls, wielding a power knife in the warm carcasses of the just slain animals. Slicing and opening, he gutted them with a deft economy of movement as, suspended by their feet, and still twitching, they swang past him in an endless chain.

For several minutes, Vischetti stood watching; his nostrils flaring slightly at the awful stench. Then he called out above the bellowing din of the terrified steers.

"You were always the artist of the knife Joseph."

For many of the growing years, La Rocca had been Vischetti's executioner, his left hand of violence, the man who provided the terror. Together they had spilled much blood and La Rocca loved him for every opportunity to indulge his passion for mutilation.

"Don Salvatore . . ." The bloody giant stared for a moment in awe and surprise. Then, pulling off his dripping gloves, he took Vischetti's dry hand in paws the size of a bear's, and bent and kissed his ring. "You honour me by coming here." His face was fat and ageless but his eyes were old and stared distractedly as he spoke. "Do you have work for me again Don Salvatore? Joseph La Rocca may grow old but his knife stays sharp."

"No Joseph, no work. Those days are gone my friend. We do things differently now." Vischetti replied gently. "We are old men now Joseph. I have been remembering. Come," he stretched out his hand, "take a walk; remember with me for a while."

They stepped out of the stinking pandemonium into the sharp cold air and walked slowly, reminiscing, down by the pens of agitated steers. Tony Riggio followed stoically, fifteen yards behind. La Rocca made him nervous. Jeez, the guy was an animal. Some of the stories about him in the old days; what he'd do to a guy with a knife. He sure chopped a path through the jungle for the old man alright.

A solitary yellow ray of sunlight found its way to where the two men stood discussing death. Vischetti felt better, his blood was moving again. He reached out and gripped La Rocca warmly by the shoulders.

"They were tough times Joey, but we stood against them . . . we took them all. Do you remember them all Joey, all the dead men? Do you remember their faces?"

Sleep didn't come easily anymore.

Night Raven



Something like a smile flickered across the butcher's face.

"I don't forget nothin' boss. I remember every one, an' how it was." He paused and a ghastly corruption of a laugh issued from his mouth.

"I remember the craziest time though. That was that big mick union guy, Pat Murray. He was stirrin' up trouble so you sends me down to talk some sense to him. Anyhow, it turns out he's got no ears to listen to what I'm sayin', so I gotta off him. Only he wouldn't die. I swear to God I sliced him thiner'n bacon an' he still kept comin' for me. It was kinda spooky, the lights all went out in the fight, an' this guy kept birds, y'know, in cages. Musta been dozens of 'em in this room, all kickin' up a racket. An' then this meathead mick, all carved up an' he ain't got the sense to lie down, just kept comin' at me. So, I dunno why, but I opens up some of those cages an' shakes out the birds, an' pretty soon they're all flutterin' an' squawkin' around the room. The mick, he just goes crazy, standin' there, blind with his own blood, shoutin' an' thrashin' at these birds all around him, battin' them down like he was a ball player. I laughed all the way home about what the Homicide boys would make of that." He paused. "Say are you O.K. boss? You look kind of pale."

Ghost

Vischetti ignored him. He was gazing past La Rocca to where, by the entrance to the packing planet, in front of a shed full of dressed and hanging carcasses, a tall figure stood, staring back. His long trenchcoat flapping; hands thrust in pockets; hat-brim turned down over his eyes. He looked like a ghost of the Thirties. Vischetti's mouth was dry as he spoke:

"Tony. That guy, go get him Bring him here to me."

The bodyguard walked briskly towards the still, staring figure until only yards separated them. Then suddenly, the ragged man spun around and darted between the hanging carcasses, into the gloom of the shed. With an angry cry Riggio pulled out a pistol and ran after him.

Several minutes passed. Don Salvatore and La Rocca waited. They grew cold; the sun had disappeared again. Several more minutes passed and still there was no sound or movement from the shed. Vischetti broke the tension:

"Go check it out Joseph."

La Rocca lumbered into the shed, within seconds there was a shout.

"Don Salvatore, come quick."

Vischetti walked into the shadows; he followed La Rocca's gaze along the line of pale hanging carcasses. One of them was black, a different shape to the rest. They moved forward slowly, footsteps harsh on the chill stone floor. Tony Riggio hung by his feet; his neck was broken, but the thing that rivetted Vischetti's attention was the livid brand on the dead man's white forehead. The mark of a bird.

Don Salvatore knelt in the church, motionless before the frozen agony of Christ; nestling in the peace and beauty of the blessed virgin. The light from the candles which he had lit for the eternal soul of Tony Riggio glinted along the richly appointed altar.

He was calmer now. Riggio's death had unnerved him. Although he was no stranger to violence it had been distant from him for a long time now; a tool rather than an emotion. Deep within his heart he nurtured an egg of superstition and the morning's events had rocked him with their strangeness. He had not planned this day. First there was the dream of birds and the panic which engulfed him. Then the strange compulsion to go to the stockyards and see La Rocca; to plunge himself into the atmosphere of death; and La Rocca talking about the killing of Murray, and letting the birds out. It was his dream except that he was the blind, flailing man. It was like it was all the same crazy dream. But Riggio was dead, that wasn't any dream, and Riggio was a pro. Men like him didn't die easily. The guy that had killed Tony Riggio was serious; and the brand, a goddam bird again. He remembered the tall pale figure, standing there, staring at him, the long ragged coat flapping, the face shadowed by the battered hat, a figure from the past. Vischetti had had men combing every inch of the yards but there had been no sign of him afterwards. He shivered, suddenly cold. Crossing himself, he rose and left the church to where La Rocca waited outside with the car. As he opened the door a sharp wind gusted in, carrying the first snowflakes of winter. Tony Riggio's candles flickered, and snuffed out.

"What are you thinking about Joseph?"

The heavy, armour-plated Cadillac glided with unstoppage grace through the early evening snowstorm. On the horizon's rim there was a patch of thinner cloud which shone sickly with the pale yellow of the dying sun. La Rocca's enormous face glanced back into the car, his huge mouth flapping wetly as he spoke.

"I was thinking it is just like the old days boss. It is good, you an' me. Don Salvatore an' Joey. We sure used to scare 'em, eh boss? It is good that you come to me when you are in trouble. Anybody who tries to hurt you boss, is gonna find himself in the bun in a hamburger joint." He made a strange, sucking, whistling noise, like a knife carving the air.

Vischetti's stomach was tight and his mouth dry. He had forgotten how this man La Rocca had terrified him. He was pure savage bloodlust; death with a smile.

Ruthless

He killed with the ruthless innocence of the child. Why was he here with him now? He had left all this behind; left it back in the frantic years of blood; the messy, sticky years of growing and clearing space. Why did he seek him out now, in the evening of his life, when he should be sitting safe, at the centre of his web; dry and calm and in control? Not sweating and coursing with strange emotions. He had responsibilities now. There was the Executive. The Executive was what it had all been for. Between them they ruled the nation; they were the covert kings, and he was one of them. Why then, with all that power and resource behind him, was he here, alone with the mad butcher La Rocca, on this wild winter night? Why was he running to his lakeside house, outside the city, when one call could have every agency in the city, official and unofficial, hunting the killer?

Vischetti felt sick, as if he might be about to cry. Suddenly there was a sharp thump. He started back from the edges of the hot tired sleep which he had been slipping into. Across the windscreen a red smear was being pushed in rivulets of blood by the motion of the car.

"Ha! Goddam bird... sure wiped him out!" La Rocca chuckled as he flicked on the window washers.

For a long time after it was washed away Vischetti could see the shape of the smear, still on the windscreen. After a while it had stealthily reformed itself into the shape of the brand on Riggio's forehead. With this image flapping in the cathedral of his subconscious, he fell into restless sleep.

He came awake in a lurching screech of tyres. A pale white scarecrow towered over the car, crucified in the headlights; lashed by whips of snow. La Rocca was cursing savagely as the car swerved from the road and ploughed into the embankment. There was no

sound but the ticking and hissing of the damaged engine. Vichetti's tongue was swollen; it filled his mouth. He reached forward and gripped La Rocca's giant shoulder in supplication.

"Kill him for me Joey," he croaked. "Cut him . . . bring me his heart!"

The blackness pressed close around the butcher, enfolded him in its wings. Vichetti stared after him, rigid. His heart pounded. He could not breathe. The snowflakes hit the window by his face, melted and slid down. Time passed.

Frightened

Suddenly the door slammed open and the cold night barged in; Joey La Rocca fell backwards across Vichetti's lap. His vast head was hanging back, the front of his coat dark and red and wet; his throat a livid gash from ear to ear. His frightened eyes stared up as his ragged mouth twitched out his last whispered words:

"He's hurt me boss . . . he's hurt me bad . . . I'm sorry boss."

La Rocca died with a great, choking sob; his huge weight pinned Vichetti to the seat.

Blood turned to water in the veins of the Don of Dons. The sheer terror of death in the night smothered the King of Chicago as La Rocca's blood soaked his legs. Then it came; a gentle, but sharply insistent tapping on the window dragged his eyes from the dead man's ghastly face. Pressed hard against the glass was the face of horror; a blank, yellowed mask, featureless except for a jagged diagonal crack and those baleful burning eyes.

Don Salvatore Vichetti screamed silently, and continued screaming until he died.

In the thin light of dawn, a big diesel 'semi' growled up the slope through the snow, the vicious wind lashing the black smoke from its stack. Rocking and hissing, it shuddered to a halt by the beached whale of the Cadillac. The driver jumped down, huddled low against the storm and ran and ran and peered inside. One look at the carnage and the branded faces was enough to tell him that there was trouble of a very major kind — the kind that he definitely did not need — Mafia kind. He climbed back into the truck and pulled away.

In the back of his trailer the gaunt soul of Night Raven communed with the wild music of the wind. Settling himself, he leafed through the contents of the briefcase which he had taken from the Cadillac. As he read, the cold of winter found welcome in his heart.



ALAN
DAVIS

Night Raven



"Kill him for me, Joey . . ."

Take your partners

FRANK PLOWRIGHT goes news-gathering in the Comicsphere.

MARVEL SHOWCASE

THERE IS no easy way to break into comics as an artist or an illustrator. One needs a mixture of persistence and luck, combined with a good dose of creative skill.

Mike Collins and Mark Farmer have been on the periphery of comics for some years now. Their names and work are well-known in comic fandom for the *Moonstone* saga which ran in *Masters of Infinity* and later in the revived *Fantasy Advertiser*. This work introduced them to Alan Moore whose advice and writing ability showed them much about story plotting (he wrote the concluding *Moonstone* story for them).

With Alan Moore still scripting, they went on to produce *Daredevil*, which appeared in *The Daredevil* issue 8. This acclaimed satire allowed the pencilling and plotting of Mike and the inking of Mark to develop space. For it is as a pencil and ink team that they work best, each covering for the other's shortfalls.

Mike counts among his influences Gene Colan, Curt Swan, Brian Bolland, Cam Kennedy and Alan Davis while Mark, whose work is now being seen in a series of children's books for Oxford University Press, cites Frank Bellamy and Mort Drucker.

In this story, co-written by Mike Collins and a friend called Buckle, it can be seen that their visual story-telling has evolved. The plot is well paced and keeps the reader guessing till the end. Unlike their hero, they are definitely putting their best foot forward.



David Miller

If you are a writer or an artist and would like your work to be considered for inclusion in this feature, please send samples to: MWOM Showcase, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.



HOW DO you feel about the idea of *Spider-Man* in a new costume? Or the *Hulk* with a broken leg? Or membership changes in *Marvel's* oldest super-teams? You'd better get used to it, because there are some big changes coming to *Marvel's* major characters next year.

It's all part of what's described at *Marvel* as "the ultimate superhero adventure". On the final page of many April cover-dated *Marvel* comics the star character disappears. It's down to a mystery figure called *The Beyonder*, and over the course of a 12-issue maxi-series we'll find out why he has abducted both the heroes and a large number of villains. The series will be titled either *Cosmic Champions* or *Secret Wars* (the Bulpin hasn't made its mind up yet), and is to be written by *Marvel* Editor-in-Chief, Jim Shooter and illustrated by Mike Zeck and John Beatty.

The May cover-dated issues will pick up from the end of the series, so you'll see the changes before the reasons for them, as *Cosmic Champions* (or *Secret Wars*) will take a year to relate.

The biggest alterations to the *Marvel* Universe will be *She-Hulk* leaving the *Avengers* to join the *Fantastic Four* in place of the departing *Thing*, and *Spider-Man's* new costume. It's all black with a large, red spider motif.



DC also have an intriguing, 12-issue maxi-series scheduled for sometime during 1984. Titled *DC Challenge*, the comic is a round robin book being produced by 12 different writer/artist teams. The first team (Mark Evanier and Gene Colan) will produce a 22-page comic with a cliffhanger ending. It's then up to the second team (Len Wein and Chuck Patton) to extricate the characters from their predicament and produce another 22 pages of story with a cliffhanger ending, at which point we're on to issue 3 and the third creative team (Doug Moench and Carmine Infantino). The series can encompass whichever DC characters the writer and artist want to use, provided they don't script or draw those characters regularly, so *Mary Wolfman* won't be allowed to use *Superman*, the *Teen Titans* or the *Vigilante*, and if

BEN OUT, JEN IN: the new-look FF will feature this green graduate of a thousand Jane Fonda work-out sessions, otherwise known as *She-Hulk*.

they intrude into his story he must make them secondary characters and introduce a new protagonist.

The idea behind the series has been around for some time now, and is used regularly in science fiction and mystery writing fandom. Perhaps the most famous example is *The Floating Admiral*, a novel produced in 1931 by members of the Detection Club, who at the time included such luminaries as G.K. Chesterton, Agatha Christie and Dorothy Sayers.



Remember *Paul Naary*, former Chief Editor here at *Marvel UK*? (Come on, it's only been two years since he left). Well if you want to know what he's doing these days take a look at *Ka-Zar 31* and *Captain America 292*, since he became regular artist on both titles with those issues. Other news at *Marvel* is that several of the mini-series announced earlier in the year have been shelved indefinitely, so you won't be seeing *Nightcrawler*, *Magneto*, *Machine Man*, *Ant-Man* or *Mantis* for the time being. Some things you will be seeing are *Cloak and Dagger* guest starring in *New Mutants 15*, another *Hercules* mini-series and *Tony Stark* making an extremely important decision in *Iron Man 182*.



Of all the newer comic companies who've been releasing titles exclusively through the comic shops over the past 18 months, *First Comics* have been the best received. They publish two excellent series in *Jon Sable* and *American Flagg* among others, and they ensure that their comics do appear regularly every month, a major failing of many other independent companies.

First Comics will now be the first of the new companies to launch a line of graphic novels, when they release an adaptation of the epic classical poem, *Beowulf*. It will be produced by artist Jerry Bingham — probably best known for his work on *Iron Man* — during 1981.

RIGHT FOOT BACKWARD?

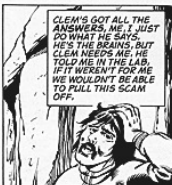
EDITOR-
HAMPSON
LETTERER-
CRADDOCK

STORY: Mike Collins & Chris Buckle
ART: Mike Collins & Mark Farmer



SO I'M HERE IN HISTORY, LEANING AGAINST THIS OLD ROCK, AND I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR MY LIFE...

NEVER MIND, CLEM WILL BE HERE SOON.



CLEM'S GOT ALL THE ANSWERS, ME, I JUST DO WHAT HE SAYS. HE'S THE BRAINS, BUT CLEM NEEDS ME. HE TOLD ME IN THE LAB, IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PULL THIS SCAM OFF.



IF I WEREN'T HERE IN THE PAST, WITH THIS HOMING BEACON ON ME, CLEM WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO JAUNT BACK HERE SAFELY.



HE'D MAYBE END UP IN THE SEA OR SOMETHING.



SO CLEM'S GOING TO COMMIT A ROBBERY AND THEN USE ME AS A HOMING BEACON.



THE COPS'LL NEVER REALISE THAT HE'S GONE BACK IN TIME 'COS YOU NEED SOME PRETTY BIG GEAR FOR THAT AND IT'S EASILY TRACEABLE.



CLEM SHOWED ME HIS TIME BOOTS, A DEVICE FOR TIME TRAVEL TO A CERTAIN POINT, WHICH WAS GOING TO BE WHERE I WAS...



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FACT THAT I KNOW CLEM'S A GENIUS, I'D SAY THAT THE BOOTS LOOK STUPID, BUT, LIKE, I'M NO GENIUS.

AMAZING
FANTASY
SPIDER-MAN

WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT THE TREASURE WAS THAT CLEM WANTED TO STEAL, I KNEW WE WERE IN THE BIG LEAGUE.



SO I CAME BACK THROUGH TIME WITH THE HOMING BEACON - BACK TO ONE PLACE THAT WE KNEW WASN'T GOING TO BE ALTERED.

WE WERE GOING TO HIDE THE TREASURE IN A SEALED CONTAINER, THEN DIG IT UP WHEN THINGS HAVE COOLED OFF IN OUR OWN TIME.



SO I FOUND THE LOCATION, AND LANDED.



IT WAS A CLOSE THING. I NEARLY HIT STONEHENGE, BUT LUCKILY THE AUTOMATIC PILOT SAVED ME. CAN YOU IMAGINE THE TROUBLE THAT WOULD HAVE CAUSED IF I'D HIT?

CLEM WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HAPPY AT ALL!

SO I WAITED. CLEM SAID THAT TIME IS RELATIVE - SO 15 MINUTES TO ME IS THE SAME AS 15 MINUTES IN THE TIME HE'S IN. HE ALSO SAID I WAS TO STAND CLEAR OF EVERYTHING...

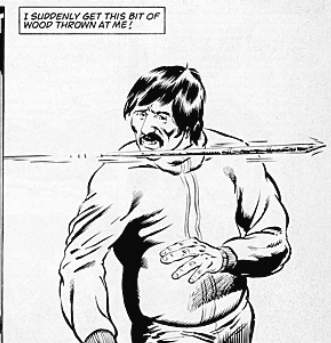


BECAUSE WHEN HE APPEARED HE'D BE RIGHT BESIDE ME.



AND WHILE I'M DOING ALL THIS REAL IMPORTANT STUFF, CLEM'S OFF THERE IN THE FUTURE JUST WALKING INTO THAT MUSEUM AND JUST PICKING UP THAT PIECE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

HE SAYS HE'S GOT A SLEEP-GUN THAT HE'S GOING TO USE ON THE GUARDS - I DON'T LIKE VIOLENCE. I TOLD CLEM. HE AGREED - WHAT A GREAT GUY.





I COULD SEE THESE GUYS WEREN'T THE FRIENDLY TYPES, MAYBE WE SHOULD'NT HAVE DECIDED TO COME BACK THIS FAR IN TIME?



BUT, HEY - IT HAD TO BE MY FAULT, DIDN'T IT?

CLEM'S TOO MUCH OF A GENIUS TO GET THAT SORT OF THING WRONG, ISN'T HE?



SO I LET THESE GUYS GO PAST ME - I'M NOT STUPID, Y'KNOW!



I RAN BACK TO MEET CLEM.

HE'D HAVE BEEN AWFUL SORE IF I'D BEEN SOMEWHERE OTHER THAN WHERE WE'D AGREED.



SO HERE I AM, WAITING FOR CLEM...



AND HERE HE IS!



Y'KNOW, I DON'T THINK CLEM'S GONNA BE VERY IMPRESSED WITH ME FOR THIS...

BEHOLDING TO GLASCOW

A brief report on the annual cartoon megastars' outing

DO YOU know what I miss most about not doing the fanzine reviews anymore? Is it the satisfaction of helping a noble amateur effort to reach the heights of popularity and professionalism? It is not. Is it the sense of feedback and communication that comes with the fan press? Nope. Not that either.

It's the bribes.

Now, I know you will have been shocked. "What?" you will have exclaimed. "Alan Moore, the last bastion of truth and integrity in this world of corruption and changing moral values? Good old Honest Al, taking bribes?" Well, yeah, I'm afraid so. Not many people know this, but Lew Stringer used to give me a case of Chateau Rothschild every time I mentioned his name in *The Daredevils*. Pete Scott, on the other hand, had a connection for six-foot-seven-inch tall Samoan lady wrestlers. Corrupt? Twisted? Certainly, but this is the real world pal, and if you think being in comics means just sitting around arguing about one of your favourite members of *The Inferior Five* then it's time you grew up. Anyway, I've got my Eagle Awards now. I don't give a damn what you think.

Essentially then, what I'm saying is that *I can be bought*. If, for example, you were to take me and a lot of my buddies to a nice hotel in a faraway and exotic city, buy us expensive meals and get us to drink that we couldn't see or hear for days, then I think I'm safe to assume that I can fix up a page in *Mighty World of Marvel*. To that end, therefore, I'd like to talk to you about The Scottish Comic Group...

The Scottish Comic Group, as the name implies, is a group of Scottish people who like comics. Foremost among these is an unlikely duo, trading under the name of John McShane and Bob Napier, two of the nicest guys you could ever hope to meet. Of course, due to the thick and impenetrable Glaswegian accents it's more or less impossible to understand a single word they say, but I've found that if I just smile and nod and avoid mentioning the Highland Clearances then we get along just fine.

Naturally, there are major differences between being an English comics fan and being a Scottish comics fan. It's a different country and they do things differently. For example, while incest, murder and cannibalism have been outlawed for centuries in our own land, in Scotland they are still very much a part of everyday family life. It is partly for these reasons that the average English comics professional has tended to shut the readership that lies north of the

promises of hard liquor and money. Anyway, this year my number came up.

Along with my fellow media personalities, including David Lloyd, Alan Davis, Dave Windsor Gibbons, 2000 AD's Richard Burton and Robin Smith, and zany psychedelic doodler Kevin O'Neill, I headed north on October 21, to brave Lord knows what in my endless quest to bring culture to the far-flung masses. And, seriously, we had an incredible time. We attended the Comic Mart that had been the main purpose of the visit and strutted our stuff by way of panel discussions and signing sessions. Alan Davis gave away a whole stack of unused Daredevil posters which I can only presume the locals would later trade for food or clothing. The level of friendliness that we encountered, both from the fans and the organizers, was little short of celestial.

You see, in England, where anyone who can stagger along to a Westminster Comics Mart can see the Masters of the Medium at work and play, there's a sense of familiarity breeding contempt. Suffice to say that up in Scotland they really know how to treat an immortal.

Apart from that, they really know how to produce a first-rate

fanzine. While hoping that this won't involve me in a demarcation dispute with Pete Scott, may I strongly recommend the S.G.C.'s excellent publication *AKA* to anyone who professes a real interest in the medium. The thing that sets *AKA* apart from most of its contemporaries is that its whole approach is so "grown up". Attention is focused more upon the art form than upon individual characters or the latest superstar creator (present company excluded for the moment of course). In the current issue you can find a very interesting transcript of the panel discussions at last year's gathering including such gems as Brian Bolland and Dave Gibbons giving the lowdown on their shady involvement with the South African comics scene and Kev O'Neill and Mick McMahon tearing DC comics to mewing, bloodied shreds. It's fine stuff, and a postal order for 50p plus postage to Bob Napier, 46 Garvel Road, Glasgow G33 should secure the current issue.

Any groups of rich comic fans living in Tahiti, Bali or the Swiss Alps should, it goes without saying, get in touch with me care of this magazine. We always love to hear from you, and I mean that sincerely. Until then, Glasgow gets my vote every time.

by Alan Moore

border. For my own part, until very recently it had been my opinion that the best way to see Glasgow was from an aeroplane, or, at very least, by driving through at eighty miles an hour with all the windows wound up.

Realizing that the average English professional suffered from a quite understandable aversion to having his head butted down between his shoulder blades by a pre-psychotic Gorbals drunk, and realizing further that this was having an adverse effect upon Scottish fandom in general, the intrepid Hibernians decided to do something about it: on their forays to civilization they would corner likely-looking English professionals and entice them on a wild Caledonian odyssey with

Fingerlickin' bad

IN THIS issue we begin the tale of Cloak and Dagger. A poignant story of corruption in the city. But what explains the transformation of two such hapless innocents into deadly vigilantes: the instruments of such ruthless retribution against the practitioners of evil?

Two lonely teenagers arrive in New York City: she running from home, he from the law. Alone and without sanctuary, they become walking prey for The Chickenhawks.

It is a familiar story: the city attracts strangers. Its glamorous facade is a magnet to those desolate refugees whose hopes and fears have lured or driven

them from their homes: like Cloak and Dagger, like many before them and sadly, like many who will follow their trail of self-destruction from the small towns of America, to the New York Port Authority: to the lair of The Chickenhawks.

The poor, the frightened, the fearful and the eager, the callow and the naive. They share a

common name; they are runaways. In sleazy diners, they fret away the anxious hours, sipping endless coffee, while their every move is watched from the shadows and corners. The longer they take, the sooner they must confront the despair of their new reality: where can they go? What can they do?

The Chickenhawks live off runaways. They search out those new to the city. They offer apparent safety, a place to stay, friendship. But beware a Chickenhawk bearing gifts. His motive is to deprive, to corrupt; to turn hapless innocents into city rats: drug addicts whose new craving will lead them to rob and kill — to do anything as long as they can carry on buying drugs from The Chickenhawks.



LETTERS

Dear MWOM,

I deliberately avoided the *Wolverine* mini-series in its original form because — as you probably recall from previous letters — I simply cannot stand Frank Miller's rather idiosyncratic pencil. It was all the Venetian blind-type panels, the frozen ballet poses that masquerade as fight scenes, the collapsible stomachs, etc., together with Klaus Janson's awful inks which put me off many issues of *Daredevil*. Janson, of course, has since gone on to ruin Gene Colan's pencils in *Detective Comics* but that's another story.

Anyway, looking at *Wolverine* in *The Mighty World of Marvel* just goes to show what an idiot I can be sometimes. Because — truth to tell — it isn't half bad. All the usual Miller nonsense is there of course, but it is helped enormously by Josef Rubinstein's inks. It can't be easy making Miller's stuff look good, but Joe's managed it perfectly. Rubinstein isn't one of my favourite inkers by any means — take a look at

the *X-Men* strip in the same issue — but for some reason, on *Wolverine*, everything falls into place.

Interesting to see that the printers are back at their usual tricks. All those creases and dodgy colour overlays add up to an interesting package. And interesting too, to see that you're still Anglicising the American spelling "Colorist" to "Colourist". I note from a checklist in *Amazing Heroes* no 14 that *Wolverine's* fourth instalment is called "Honor" . . . well, c'mon, how are you going to correct that, eh? More process white and a Pentel?

Seriously though, is it worth bothering about daft little corrections like that — especially when glaring spelling errors like "definitely" and "calender" — so often find their way into much of Marvel UK's material? Even that tremendous *Daredevil* satire in *The Daredevils* contains the word "definitely" — try that in a US Marvel publication and you'd have the Comics Code Authority down on you like a ton of bricks!

Still, I'm a terrible one when it comes to nitpicking, so don't take any of it too seriously. Just carry on producing the goods, and I'll definitely — er, definitely — keep on buying them.

Faithfully,
Graham P. Williams.

Mayhill,
Swansea.

Cheers, Graham. The fact is that we noble, island-dwelling guardians of the lingua franca seem to find Americanisms, in all their crude, selectivity glory, much more offensive than straightforward, honest spelling and grammatical errors: after all, you can find lashings of those in The Guardian, every day. But in the struggle for lingual purity, The Guardian is our fellow traveler (and not "traveler"). I suppose it would be missing the point to draw to your attention that "Anglicising" is more usually spelt with a "z" and it definitely doesn't require an initial capital? Yes, you're right, it would. And that's all until our next seminar, at which the guest speaker will be Mr. Fred Astaire, the well-known faucet-dancer.

Dear MWOM,

The *Wolverine* mini-series is one of the best things that Marvel has done since *Captain Britain* No 1. It is brilliant. The American issues (I have every one) are in plastic bags and I am not going to read them again, but I shall reread it in the *Mighty World of Marvel*.

Well pleasantries aside, down to your monthly. It is very good, the cardboard covers are great; don't change them at all please. The *X-Men* are as good as ever and I'm pleased that I can catch up on the issues I've missed. The next mini-series you reprint must be the *Hawkeye* or the *Illandis* and *Storm* mini-series.

Well that's your lot.

Yours sincerely,
Gus Richardson,
Hull.



Dear Bullpen,

The *Captain Britain* story in *The Daredevils* 10 was the best yet. What a great team the two *Alans* make.

I also like the *Wolverine* story in *MWOM*. Frank Miller's work on that is a lot better than his work on *Daredevil*.

Speaking of *Daredevil* or rather *Dourdevil*, I thought he was quite funny. But with all that blood and *Erekras* are the *Festival of Light* people now holding Jadwin House under siege?

For your weekly comics, well? Could you please make an old RFO very happy and put newer stories in them. Aren't the more recent *Thor* and *FF* stories available. The ones you print now are very dated. You changed the date to 1983 in a recent *FF* story. *Reed Richards* is supposed to be an intelligent man and he says 83 years is a quarter of a century.

Perhaps it's the fact that you use old stories that your comics fail without reaching the 100th issue mark. 50th in some cases, whereas *Spider-Man* is successful with up-to-date stories and is pushing on to issue 600.

So until 83 years is a quarter of a century. Make Mine Marvel (the comics, not the powdered milk).

Nick Cleary,
Cheshire.

Keep taking the powder . . . er, comics.

Dear MWOM,

I don't know what the original mag was like but this one's Marvel-lous! Take ish number one, for example. I agree with a comment in the letters page, ish 5, about the contents page. Have

the contents page on the inside cover. With a small picture to accompany it.

I already have the original magazine of the *X-Men* story, but it was nice to see it again I don't have the follow-up. I skipped the old comics article. BORING. *Vision and Scarlet Witch*, a definite 9! No 2. *Mind out of Time* was fantastic! In No 3, *Demon* was scary! In No 4, *Even in Death*, O.K. I once had this comic but lost it (groan). Back-up story, *S-W* and the *Vision*, a little hard to follow. No 4's *Please Allow Me To Introduce Myself* was so sad. I've known for some time that *Magneto* was their dad.

One question: what is *Magneto's* real name? I'll write again soon.

Yours truly,
Wayne Latham,
Beckenham,
Kent.

Magneto has taken care to conceal his true identity and all details about his early life. However, he once worked as a voluntary orderly in an Israeli psychiatric hospital (swear to God), under the name Magnus and it is suspected that this may be his actual first name.

Dear Chris (?), Floron, Alan, Alan and Steve,

Well, I was rather upset at hearing of the *Daredevils* cancellation till I read that Bernie was moving on to pastures new. I'm sure Bernie will still be reading *MWOM/Daredevils*, so can I, through your letters page, echo all the words of praise heaped on Bernie by Alan Moore.

I've never met Bernie, so I obviously can't pretend to feel the same sense of loss Alan obviously does, but I appreciate

LETTERS

what Bernie did for Marvel. Or her work, as that's the only part we see.

The bland old monthlies finally began to get some personality when Ms. Jaye took over — they became friendlier, the letters page more approachable. Out went the stupid and outdated "Marvelspeak" [you know, all that "face front true believer, tiger and keeper of the flame" rubbish] and in came straight talking, even honest criticism of US Marvel. I liked that, and I hope it will continue now she's left. I know publishing the Marvel product is a team effort, but, not to slight Floron and the rest, I'm going to miss Bernie's editorial touch. I wish you every success for the future, wherever you are and whatever you choose to do, and for all the hard work and dedication you've put in over the last few years Bernie, sincere thanks.

The rest of you people at Jdwin, keep up the excellent work, and Chris, welcome to the fold and best of luck for the future.

Regards,
Mart Gray,

Congleton,
Cheshire.

PS RIP The Daredevils — it was great while it lasted. Pity it didn't last longer.

Dear MWOM,

Brilliant, fab, amazing, what more can I say. *Captain Britain* is certainly the best comic strip going. For once we see our hero taking some beatings, not like that rubbish when a hero gets smashed through walls, page after page and comes out smiling with all his teeth in.

The *Daredevils* is the best comic-magazine on the market, *Alan Moore* is easily the best writer in the world. Yes, the world! *Alan Davis* is easily the best artist — sigh, my hero.

Can the *Captain* fly because on the cover of number 8 it shows him flying.

I like the way *Captain Britain* is portrayed. *The Special Executive* are brilliant, but I don't think you should have killed *Legion*. *The Fury* is fantastic. Since I've only been collecting *The Daredevils* since No 7, he was new to me.

This is the first letter I've ever written to a comic so please could you print it.

I've got to hurry now so until Mr Davis makes a mistake, I'm with ya CB.

Steven Shaw,

Garton,
Manchester.

The Captain can fly, but there are no flies on The Captain, as evinced by this next gateway from Daredevil No 4.



Funny Bunny

THE BIG BOOK OF EVERY-
THING.
Hunt Emerson: Knockabout,
£3.95.

I'd be very surprised if Hunt's artwork hasn't been detrimentally described elsewhere with adjectives such as 'wacky' and 'zany', more usually applied to *Kenny Everett* by the likes of *The Sun*. Sure, his art is unconventional, but 'cartoonist' is the applicable title; he doesn't illustrate the realities of life; he distorts and exaggerates them. Humour is his métier, and his world is populated by a man who can mould his face into the shape of an aircraft carrier, *Alan Rabbit* (aka *Bill the Bunny*) the complete renaissance rabbit, *Max Zillion* and his talking alto-sax, and the deceptively smiling *Calculus Cat*. They're all to be found in this 96-page retrospective collection of Hunt Emerson's comic work. It contains 20 strips, culled from the early days of *Ar-Zak* press in 1976, right up to his present work, represented by a one-pager (previously unseen) starring those disreputable subversives *Shekel* and *Shark*.

Alan Rabbit occupies almost half the pages, and quite right too. He's a solid character who's just as out of place on the *Kōn-Tiki* as he is on the moon, yet his displacement serves as a focal point for the humour. After all, if you can accept a rabbit building a Prisoner-of-War camp (to use the earth displaced from the construction of an underground lighthouse) you can accept anything.

I could witter on at length about how the CIA's orbiting saxophones are the funniest idea I've seen in a long while, about the lovely *EC Comics* pastiche *Stir Crazy*; how I sobbed at the poignant tale of *Morty Mouse* and the cosmic significance of Hunt putting a dot inside every "O", but all that really requires saying is that Hunt Emerson is producing the funniest comics in Britain today. If you buy this you'll be able to embarrass yourself by laughing out loud as you read it on the bus, and you'll learn more about tapeworms than you ever suspected you would.

Frank Plowright.

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Name: Christian Smillie

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Wanted: (UK Weeklies and Monthlies) Rampage Monthly 1, 6; Rampage Weekly 21, 25, 28, 30, 32, 33; Captain Britain 17, 18, 34, 40, 41; Marvel Superheroes 354; Conan Monthly 1, 13-21, 23, 24, 26-28, 30-44; Titans 39-47; 62-59

WHAT IF...

Spider-Man behaved like a real spider?



"Yikes! There's a Spider-Man in the bath!"

Name: Don Dalton

Address: 4 Murphies Terrace, Ballymillen, Tralee, Co Kerry, Ireland

Offering: (All US Monthlies only) Thor 259, 260, 263, 277, 318-321, 324-328, 330, 332, 333, 335; Peter Parker 67, 69, 73-75, 79, 82; Marvel Team-Up 67, 74, 119, 121-123, 126, 130, 131, 133; Marvel Two-in-One 27, 50, 80, 87, 88, 90, 92, 93, 95, 96, 98, 100; Hulk 268, 271, 273, 274, 276, 278-280, 282, 285, 287; Micronauts 30, 35, 40-44, 47-50, Thing 2, 3

Wanted: (US Monthlies only) X-Men 1-11, 13-30, 57-79, 81-91, 94-111, 130-138; Wolverine 1-3; New Mutants 3; Dk 30, 24 onward

Name: John Algar

Address: 99 Roxy Avenue, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex, RM6 4AZ

Offering: (UK) Avengers 1-81, 97, 99, 100, 104-110, 117, 131, 133, 136, 137; MWOM 1, 36, 38, 43, 51-129; Spider-Man 2, 10, 12-16, 18-21, 23-113; (Treasure Editions) Fantastic Four 2, 11; Hulk 5, 17; Doctor Strange 6; Avengers 7; (Annals) Avengers 1976; MWOM 1977, 1978; Titans 1977, 1978; Spider-Man 1978, 1982; Fantastic Four 1979
Wanted: (US) Daredevil 161; Amazing Spider-Man 121-124; Incredible Hulk 180-182; (Annals) Daredevil 2, 3; (Giant Size) Daredevil 1; (All comics must be in good to very good condition)

Name: James Leverett

Address: 14 Springwood, Llanedeyrn, Cardiff, South Wales, CF2 6UB

Offering: (UK Weeklies) X-Men 1; Spider-Man TVC 300; Return of the Jedi 1-7; (UK Monthlies) Blake's 1-5, 7-19; Blake's Winter Special; Monster Monthly 2, 3; US Monthlies Thor 316; Marvel Two-in-One 50; Power Man and Iron Fist 69; Black Panther 13, 15; Marvel Presents 3, 4; What If 14, 25, 26, 37; The Incredible Hulk 268, 274; Marvel Team-Up 63; GI Combat 254 (double-size); Avengers 190, 216; Battlestar Galactica 2; Captain America 203 (pages missing), 272
Wanted: (All US Monthlies - must be in mint condition) Luke Cage, Power Man King-size Annual 1; Howard the Duck 30, 31; Black Panther 14, 6; Spider-Woman 1-7, 9-48; Dazzler 1-10; The Warlord 1; Iron Man Annuals 1-5; Contest of the Champions 1-3; Comics Interview 5

Name: John Browne

Address: 12 Lisdera, Oakpark, Tralee, Co Kerry, Ireland

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Wanted: Ghost Rider 78-81; Daredevil 150, 170, 171, 174, 177, 178, 180; Daredevil Annual 4; Captain America 247-252; Captain America Annual 6; Indiana Jones 1-3; Peter Parker Spectacular Spider-Man 1, 2, 27, 28, 50, 60, 62, 65, 72, 76, 78, 83; Spider-Man Annual 14, 15; Marvel Tales 100; John Carter Warlord of Mars 18

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IN THE MEANTIME
WE SHALL
PRACTICE A
MORE DEFINITE
FORM OF
PERSUASION!

CHAPTER FOUR HOPE

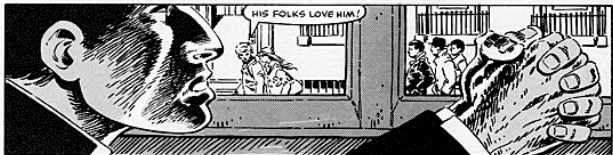
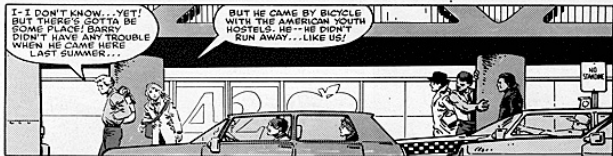
THE TICKETS COST EVERY CENT THEY COULD
BORROW OR STEAL FROM MOM'S PENNY JAR.
THE BUS LISTED ITS DESTINATION AS NEW
YORK, A CITY THAT CONJURES UP IMAGES
OF THE GOOD LIFE!

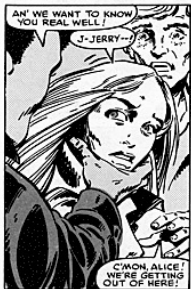
GEE, JERRY--
THIS PLACE
IS A LOT
BIGGER THAN
SALTBURGH!

DON'T WORRY,
ALICE! I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU!

NEW YORK CITY IS
THE MAGNET, THE END
OF THE RAINBOW.
THE MONEY JAR THAT
DRAWS RUNAWAYS
FROM SO STATES
LIKE FLIES.

AND WAIT-
ING FOR
THEM ARE
THOSE WHO
WEAVE WEBS
LIKE HUMAN
SPIDERS.





THEY HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT. LIKE AVENGING FURIES, THEY COME AT HER CRY.

FROM A DARKNESS DEEPER THAN ANY SHADOW, THEY HAVE OBSERVED THE CHILDREN HUSTLED FROM THE PORT AUTHORITY BY THE CHICKEN-HAWKS. AND THEY COME, TO SAVE THE RUNAWAYS FROM A FATE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THEIRS.

WE ARE...
CLOAK & DAGGER!

CHAPTER FIVE: CHARITY







CORRECTION, SCUM-- IT WAS NEVER RIGHT.

TH-THIS IS ALL GOIN' WRONG!



YOU HAVE MADE A LIVING BY PREYING ON THE WEAK, THE HELPLESS, THE LOST.

WE SHALL NOW SEE HOW WELL YOU DO DYING AT IT.



HOLY--!
T-THAT CRAZY CAPE OF HIS JUST SWALLOWED CARLOS!

B-BUT THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

THERE JUST AIN'T THAT MUCH ROOM IN THERE!

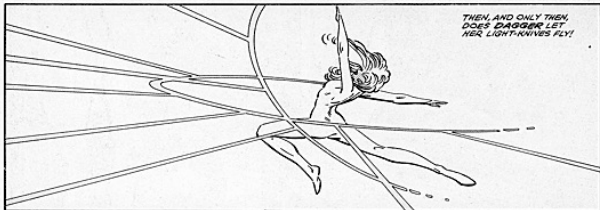


WRONG! ALL OF ETERNITY IS CONTAINED WITHIN MY CLOAK OF DARKNESS!

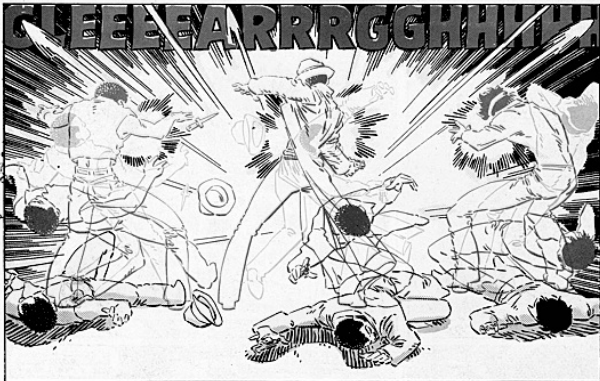


ABANDON ALL HOPE IF YOU CHANCE TO ENTER IT!





THEN, AND ONLY THEN,
DOES DAGGER LET
HER LIGHT-KNIVES FLY!



DAGGER, YOUR LIGHT BRINGS ME A
PLEASURE... THAT IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

I'M SORRY,
CLOAK-- I WISH
I KNEW OF
ANOTHER WAY!



NO MATTER.
OUR COMBINED
METHODS ARE
EFFECTIVE.

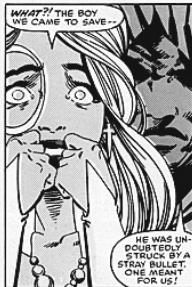
CLOAK &
DAGGER
PREPARE
TO DE-
PART...



BUT THEN...

HOLD IT! YOU'RE
BOTH UNDER
ARREST!

YOU TWO ARE PARTIALLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
DEATH OF THIS BOY!



WHAT?! THE BOY
WE CAME TO SAVE--

HE WAS UN-
DOUBTEDLY
STRUCK BY A
STRAY BULLET.
ONE MEANT
FOR US!



I--IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ONE OF US--
INSTEAD OF
A POOR
INNOCENT!

NO, WE
ARE SUR-
VIVORS.

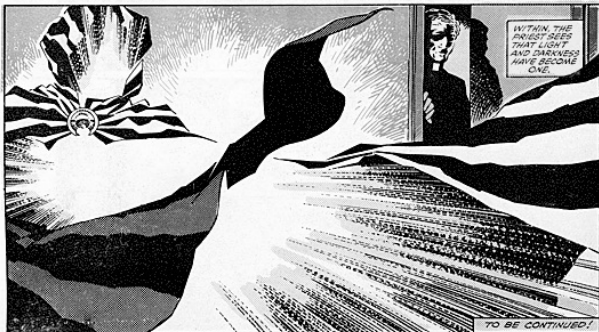


SURVIVORS? IS THAT WHAT
YOU CALL YOURSELVES? I CALL
YOU VIGILANTES...**MURDERERS!**

YOU'RE NO BETTER
THAN THE SCUM YOU
SAY YOU PUNISH! AND,
IN THE END, THE HARM
YOU CAUSE IS JUST
THE SAME!

WE WILL
HEAR NO MORE!
WE DID WHAT
NEEDED DOING...

I COULD HAVE
SAVED **BOTH** THOSE
KIDS IF YOU HADN'T
INTERFERED!



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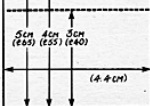
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